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LET IT CRAWL

Editorial

DREAMS OF A NATIVE SON



THE YOUNG LORDS

BEYOND THE PANTHERS

Theatre Review
CLAYTON RILEY

LIBERATOR

Vol 10 No 2 February 1970

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(l to r) Yoruba Guzman and Felipe Luciano

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Let It Crawl

Growing up in Harlem, one of our acts of defiance toward our parents and the symbol of white authority (the police) was to run up to the roof or loiter on the stoops and "sip some tea," "let the roach crawl." According to the rumors a number of big-time show people such as Billie Holliday were in the life, were hooked, and somehow that made it all right because we too would become big-time by getting our heads tight. Our parents either didn't know, or if they did, they frowned on the practice, not taking it too seriously. The authorities looked the other way with their hands out for the payoff. The welfare workers, politicians, social scientists and all the other parasites who lived off human misery showed little or no interest in the problem of smoking pot or the shooting of poison into the arms. After all, it was only the niggers in the Black community committing suicide. But when this act of defiance reached out into middle-class white America, when young whites began to turn on with drugs, it became a national problem.

Talk shows and other public forums have contributed more than their share toward encouraging young people to try "non-addictive" marijuana ("safer than cigarettes") with endless debates, testimonials by publicity seeking doctors and show business people. Marijuana may be physically non-addictive, but young people accustomed to being hopped up and separated from reality are hardly likely to stop and consider the consequences of using other more dangerous drugs. When they feel pot no longer gives them enough of a head tightening, they move on to heroin which is *guaranteed* to make them fly. And once addicted to a thirty-or-forty-dollar-a-day habit, these young people of necessity must turn to crime in order to satisfy their craving. (Meanwhile, the successful actor or actress, admired and imitated, who encourages drug-taking with irresponsible talk about marijuana is able to satisfy his or her needs without resorting to muggings and murder.)

Our generation was naive. We didn't see how drugs only served to lock us more firmly into an endless cycle of despair, fake euphoria and death at an early age... how our "act of defiance," our cop-out played into the hands of the power structure. But what of our aware Black college students today, proud of their Blackness, self-segregated from whitey on campus, doing their own "Black thing," trying to get it together in order to be relevant to the needs of the community -- what about them? Hip, slick and Black, they seem to be falling into the same old trick bag.

At Barnard College in NYC a group of Black girls live pretty much by themselves on the 7th floor of the dormitory, away from the "poisonous" influence of the white students. One sister was quoted as saying, "All the parties we go to are Black parties...Our lives are Black." Yet within all this Blackness and awareness a young beautiful sister of 17 recently died, a victim of sniffing heroin. Death at an early age is not new to us, but what is new is an assertive, proud sense of identity and we are wasting this new awareness in the same idle pursuit of bravado and self-destruction as our parents. If we can not improve the quality of our lives by creating new values to live by, then we shall forfeit all right to speak of the new humanity in our Blackness.

--- DANIEL H. WATTS

Dreams

Addison Gayle, Jr., is Assistant Professor of English at the Bernard M. Baruch College of the City University of New York. This article was condensed from a chapter of his forthcoming book, *The Black Situation* (Copyright 1970 by Horizon Press).

I was introduced to the concept of the bogey man by my mother, a passionate believer in Christianity. Previously, she had attempted to discipline me by conjuring up images of the devil. When the attempt failed, she utilized her talent for metaphorical language and painted a frightening, vivid description of the bogey man. As she described him, he was ten times more vicious than the devil, five times more intent on devouring Black children and, whereas the devil was ugly, the bogey man was hideous. He had red eyes and red hair, redder even than the coals of hell, and a grey, fishy skin which shone bright and garish when illuminated by the sunlight.

She had not intended to supply me with a racial image. Yet, nevertheless, when the bogey man took form in my mind, the form was that of a white man. This may have been because the only white man I knew, the insurance man, had red hair and red eyes. And though he was not an ugly man, my imagination supplied those characteristics to his features which transformed him into an ogre.

Sometime later, having been threatened with the bogey man for perhaps the fifteenth time, I confronted the ogre in a dream. Here his hair was redder than in waking life and his eyes protruded like long binoculars from both sides of his face. In one of his fishy, grey hands he carried a wide steel net which he throw over me again and again, as each time I miraculously made my escape. Finally he approached me with a net larger than any before, stalked me like a spider stalking its prey, and maneuvered me at last into a corner from which escape was impossible.



Daniel H. Watts

El Hajj Malik El Shabazz
May 1925 - February 1965

of a Native Son

by ADDISON GAYLE, JR.

At this point I awoke in a cold sweat, and screamed into the darkness: "Don't let that white man get me! Momma, don't let that white man get me!" The dream has never recurred. And though I have often given much thought to it, I cannot begin to understand its meaning. One thing, however, seems clear: at the age of five, I was concerned about and frightened by the racial situation.

This is not surprising. By that time I had had my "fire baptism" in the lava-hot waters of Southern racial prejudice. One day, while waiting for my mother in a department store, I stood against a table upon which various garments were arrayed. A white woman approached with a youngster not much older than myself. The young boy wandered over to the counter and, ignoring me, picked up a sweater and began to examine it. Suddenly, his mother, like an enraged, wounded beast, sprang to the counter, snatched the sweater from the child's hands, dropped it hastily upon the table, and pointed an accusing finger at me: "Can't you see that little nigger beside them clothes?" she screeched. "He probably been trying 'em on, too. You want to catch germs?"

Such incidents might well comprise a library shelf. The naive see them as trivial, simply minutiae relative to the lynchings and bombings which are a part of many Blacks' experiences. Others, however, have yet to learn what the average Black has always known: lynching is a word whose connotation cannot be restricted to assaults upon the body alone; brutal though such acts may be, the most vicious brutalization, the most terrible of all lynchings, are those which, in the long run, disfigure the mind.

For me, therefore, white people

became natural symbols for things evil. And this symbolism manifested itself in the most trivial ways. Sitting on the backyard fence one Sunday morning, I watched two stray dogs in combat. One was almost pure black; the other, dirty white. Neither dog was familiar; yet instinctively I sided with the black dog, egging him on with the epitaph: "Kill that dirty cracker!" I had no problem with identity.

Such incidents stand out in my mind, remembrances of things not really past but ominously ever-present, suggesting that for one Black man at least, to paraphrase Leopold Senghor, the past and the present must always be confused; and that not even in the unconscious can one be free of the realities of everyday life.

Yet the Black unconscious, in the main, lies immune to exploration. Psychologists, sociologists, and anthropologists are more interested in exploring the similarities between Black and white than in dealing with the universe of differences. Too often white and Black psychologists attempt to apply the rules of the academy equally to Black and white alike. As a psychologist, working in a college program with predominantly Black students, confided to me: "Race may be the most important thing to these students, but I doubt it. I think that I can deal with them on the same grounds that I deal with other students...at least, I have to; these are the only grounds I know."

By other students I suppose he meant white students, and beyond them, white Americans in general. If so, the argument is not feasible. Black Americans cannot be "dealt with" like white Americans, for despite the argument of the assimilationists, Black Americans are

different from white Americans.

Black people acknowledge this fact in many subconscious utterances. Recently, a "negro leader," addressing a gathering of Blacks in the hopes of quelling a riot, shouted consistently: "Mr. Charlie is armed baby! Them crackers is armed." A three-year-old Black child in the best furnished home in the suburbs could interpret the connotations of such perjorative synonyms as "Mr. Charlie" and "crackers." These synonyms are a part of the language of Blacks from every avenue of American life. In order to communicate with each other in the presence of the master, the slaves developed a system of signs and images. The system survived the institution of slavery. And until Baldwin's play, "Blues for Mr. Charlie," the language was incomprehensible to most white Americans. Due to Baldwin and due to the courage of today's young Black people who insist upon calling a cracker a cracker and a honkie a honkie out loud, white people have been made conscious of that metaphoric world of language in which they are condemned, castigated, and insulted by their porters, maids, countermen and orderlies. Now the world knows who Mr. Charlie is, and thus one of the most colorful symbols in the language has been negated.

The damage to the psyche is immeasurable. On the one hand, satisfaction is gained from mocking the enemy to his face while he, smiling all the while, sees in you only the stereotype of his American history. With a sense of joy, you vilify his family, race, and nation. On the other hand, you know that you must speak a language which he cannot comprehend; that you must wear "the minstrel's mask"; that you must guard against a slip of the tongue.

cont next pg

Failure to do any of the above might bring down the apparatus, so carefully constructed by your ancestors during those first years on American soil, and bring about your own destruction in one way or another.

Fear provided the structure of the apparatus -- the metaphorical language, the wide, timid smile, the Uncle Tom mannerisms -- fear keeps the mechanism secret and intact; fear forces a minstrel's mask upon every Black. He lives in the American society by repressing his true instincts, suppressing his anxieties, and rigidly holding his emotions in check. I believe that unconsciously many Blacks have harbored the desire to pick up a gun, walk out into the crowd, and shoot "as often and as long as one can." Instead, they have gone passively to their jobs, to the theatre, to the corner store.

Such desires, therefore, find satisfaction in the unconscious, and this satisfaction is registered most often in dream phenomena. In the unconscious there is little need for a special apparatus, symbols and metaphors designed to confuse whites; there is little need for fear. The Black who dreams of murdering a white man is fulfilling a desire which he would not dare speculate upon in his waking moments. Conversely, the Black who dreams of being lynched by a mob, gives form and body to thoughts which have always been with him but which he has not dared to voice.

The meanings are ominous but clear. The only free Black person in America is a sleeping Black. For in sleep, sublimated emotions are brought to the surface with a freedom impossible during waking hours. I have had such moments of freedom and I relate two of them here; not for the psychologically sophisticated, nor for the academic scholar, but because these two moments are perhaps the only ones in my life, in which honestly, fearlessly, and with passion, I could sincerely say with Goethe, "verroil doch bist du schon."

This dream occurred in 1964 after

a trip home to visit my family. My young sister was in a church play and I accompanied her to one of the performances. Because it was given during the Easter season, the play centered about the death of Christ; and among the various stage props was a large oil portrait of Christ which stood in the center of the stage throughout the performance and around which the drama unfolded. During the rehearsal I sat fascinated by the portrait and, despite my atheistic views, was moved by the play. This was the first time I had been inside a church in fifteen years. Back in New York five days later, I had the following dream:

I found myself alone in the church, standing in the center aisle. The room was dimly lit by two lamps, one at the foot of the pulpit, the other, which gave forth a softer, yellower light was near the entrance. Shadows, grey and ominous, descended upon the church, lighting momentarily -- or so it seemed -- the portrait of Christ, spraying it in garish colors: first white, then orange, then yellow. Moving slowly down the aisle to the foot of the pulpit, I stopped some few feet from the portrait.

"They tell me," I thought, "that I am made in your image. Yet I look at you, and I see the men who abuse me, who persecute me. I see the men who kill my children even before they are born: those children who you said were to come unto you. They say that you are my saviour and you died for me. But if this is so, why did you not prove it? For certainly you must have known what would happen to me, what they would do to me. Why did you not once, just once, do something, anything, to prove that you acknowledged my existence? Why couldn't you have made one of your followers, one of those twelve -- even he who was to betray you -- why couldn't you have made one of them Black? And if not that, then when you asked the people that day on the mountain to step forward, to come to you and be blessed, why couldn't one of those men have looked like me? And on that last day, when they nailed you

up and left you with two men and you said to them, 'This day you will be with me in Paradise,' why couldn't one of those who were the lowest of men -- why couldn't one of those have been like me?" Trembling, I moved closer to the rostrum.

"No," I thought, "it's a lie, all of it! All these years we've been kept in slavery. Yes, for you are the greatest slave master of them all. You taught us to be good to our enemies, to love them, to forgive them. Holding out promises of a heaven, you tied our hands and made us weak. Your words and promises kept us in bondage, and prevented us from doing the things that those, truly made in your image, have done to us. And so, whenever we look at you, we see them. Whenever we bow down to you, praise you, we are really bowing to and praising those like you, those with blue eyes, blond hair, and white skin. Whenever we worship you, we are, in reality, worshipping them."

My hands trembled violently. Tears sprang to my eyes. I slammed my fist into the palm of my hand. Giant hands tore a scream from my throat.

"Yes, you are *their* saviour. It is they to whom you came and for whom you shed your blood. To them you have given your rod, your staff, and your power to enslave me, to bend me to their will; your power to rob me of life. They are your chosen ones, I your outcast. Yes, and so let it be. Let me not be tied to you. Let me not believe in you. Only in this way can I be free. Only in this way can I possess that freedom which you have granted to them.

"With you, for me there is no freedom! No, no freedom and no hope either. There is no heaven and no salvation! And until that day when I break away from you, when I hate your blue eyes, blond hair, and white face -- until that day, I cannot really and truly hate them. It must begin with you. So let it be now, at this minute, when I can look at you and see them and hate you both, and I do, I hate you, yes!"

My legs gave way and I fell at the foot of the platform. Harsh, guttural

sounds wracked my body. Several times, a sharp scream came from my lips to reverberate from the walls of the church. I awakened to the sound of my own screaming.

The second dream occurred a few weeks after the death of Malcolm X in 1965. Malcolm had represented something important to me. To say merely that he was a man is not to explain his enormous influence upon those who, like myself, have lost faith in an American dream of egalitarian democracy. He was the first acknowledged prophet of our era to preach the moral decadence of Western civilization, to bring to the conscience of Black people the truth concerning that culture in which we seem bent on immersing ourselves, and to force us to question the idols which we had accepted without question from those who were said to be wiser than we, our leaders.

Despite our political persuasions, few of us had thought deeply about the country in which we found ourselves, about its people, history, and future. We accepted George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and the other legendary founders of the "democracy" without considering the fact that their hands were wet with the blood of slaves. We accepted the words of the Constitution, notwithstanding the fact that this document, when first drawn up, excluded us from consideration; and that even later amendments which did include us were purchased with the barrels of many rifles.

We believed in democracy without ever being its beneficiaries, in the dogma of Christianity without being accorded the elementary rights of a Christian, and in the conscience and good will of the American people, when the true nature of this conscience was revealed in lynchings, bombings, starvation, and acts of unbelievable torture. We believed the lies of the white writers, historians and missionaries who said that we had been rescued from a jungle, a nightmare of darkness called Africa from whence came the endless, monotonous, unproductive

civilization of the tom-toms, where infested swamps and bushes hid fierce reptiles and savage beasts; and that this Africa was the other side of hell in contradistinction to this semi-paradise, this "Eden" to which we were transported.

Our desire was to be Americans, not understanding what that word connotes in the vocabulary of our short, yet gruelling history. So many millions dead, so many millions still dying, and yet like men possessed, we rushed towards assimilation, towards integration, negating history, denying the present, and completely oblivious to the future.

But this rush to be Americans was on a larger scale a desire to become part of Western civilization, which, we had been taught, was a product of Jewish and Christian thought derived from the intellectual and moral atmosphere of Athens where Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle held sway. We believed that scholar who wrote that "Western civilization is but a footnote to Plato" and stood awed at the might of Western thought, accomplishment, and success.

Like James Baldwin, we too admired symbols of Western achievement such as the cathedral at Chartres and hated our ancestors because they had not constructed it. Moreover, we traduced those ancestors who, we were told, were beating out weird mystical incantations upon hide-covered drums while the Hebrews were writing the great scriptures and the Greeks were producing timeless drama and thought. Not knowing who we were and afraid to attempt the discovery, we emulated those who were linked to the grandeur of the past by the color of their skins.

Some, like my father, never feared to explore that culture from which long-yesterday he had sprung. Yet even when the knowledge of the myth which had been foisted upon him was revealed, he, like others, could not forsake the dream of somehow being close to those who knew the wisdom of Socrates, the prophetic utterances of Solomon, or the sociology of Karl Marx.

An earlier day Ralph Ellison, he wanted to be an American Negro,
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MONTHLY REVIEW

Edited by Paul M. Sweezy
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some hybrid form of animal, a cross between something made and manufactured in America and something which, because it is American, is linked, no matter how tenuously, to the antiquity of Greece and Rome.

A man of great perception, my father was still unable to arrive at the most objective of all truths: that the inheritors of Western civilization have betrayed their heritage. The ideals of democracy, freedom, and equality handed down from the most famous sons of Greece have been turned into a mockery by those who have shamelessly colonized and exploited half the world. The teachings of the prophets which form the

more, to be drenched in blood and sweat yet another time, and to have nails driven into his flesh by even stronger arms than before.

Malcolm unveiled this history before us. "The white man is a devil!" he thundered. And in that statement is the most sincere indictment of Western civilization since that mob, in the shadow of the cross, broke into spontaneous applause as the martyr dropped his head upon his chest for the last time.

Moreover, Malcolm forced us to look at that with which we would integrate, to examine the history of those with whom we would assimilate,

that has been instrumental in wanton destruction of life, degradation of dignity, and contempt for the spirit. He caused us to question not what democracy could be but what it was; not the potential of Christianity but the actuality; not the ideals of Western culture but the reality; not the thoughts of the prophets but the practice of these thoughts. In so doing, Malcolm became more than just a representative of "Black masculinity"; he became the embodiment of an idea: that the new Canaan will not be built by those who are called the children of God but rather by those to whom the God in his apocalyptic fury never came.

"THE ONLY FREE BLACK PERSON IN AMERICA IS A SLEEPING BLACK."

bulwark of Western ethics and morality have been used as a pretext to enslave some, to burn others in gas ovens, and to lynch still more.

The predecessors of those to whom the tenets of justice, mercy, and honor were bequeathed have honored their ancestors by anointing history with the blood of millions whose only crime was meekness, passivity, and trust. Like the men of old who subjected their God to ridicule and spectacle before riddling his body with nails, these, their historical siblings, have never allowed the God to be peacefully interred; they have dug up his body time and again to be ridiculed once

late, and to carefully observe this "burning house," which we sought so ardently, vigorously, and persistently to enter. He raised profound questions of morality, which our white anointed leaders refused to raise, and propounded the truth that not even the alleged savagery of our ancestors, those cannibals who ate other men, could stand equal to the acts performed by those who are purportedly the blessed of the Gods.

Malcolm thus sowed within our fertile minds the seeds of discontent -- not with our treatment in the American society, such seeds had long ago blossomed into fruit -- but with the idea of being part of all

In my dream, I stood before a microphone. I was dressed in an African agbada, blue in color and embroidered in gold. A man stood on each side of me. Both were dressed in white robes with black cummerbunds. Beyond the speakers' platform were, it seemed, thousands of people. Black and white, some standing, some sitting, and some supported by some invisible force. Before this assembled multitude, I stood secure and comfortable. Somewhere in the back of the hall a voice shouted: "Indictment!" For the first time, I looked down at the notebook opened on the stand before me, flipped a page and began

to speak.

"Two weeks ago, four Black children were murdered by bombs in this country. Like a fountain, the American conscience turned on, gushing out sympathy and anger. Yes, for approximately two weeks, the fountain bubbled forth. And then, suddenly, the faucet shut down and the incident was forgotten.

"Now we can assume -- no, we can predict -- that this is what white people will do time and again, for this is what white people have always done. They have short memories! But can we assume that Blacks too will forget? Can any Jew forget Auschwitz and Dachau? No, they cannot and we cannot. Yet our negro leaders say that we will forget -- no, not only forget but also forgive. Now these are those negro leaders that are called responsible, and I for one, must ask to whom they are responsible.

"They are not responsible to Black people for all they ask of us is our patience, our tolerance, and our lives. And all this they ask in the name of God, truth, and right. We know too well how their argument runs: we are morally superior to those who butcher us, capable of loving them and thereby inoculating them with love so that one day love too will grow in their hearts and minds. This, supposedly, will happen because God is on our side. But what Black man sitting here today can claim that God is on our side? How many of us believe that he stands beside us? Well, maybe so, but if so, then he stands not beside us but behind us; yes, like a snivelling coward, behind us.

"Yes, because the white bigots have gotten to him too! They have frightened their God, and so we will get no help from him. But perhaps we can rely on the truth. But the truth is what white people say it is. And this is so because they have the power to make it so. And what

is this power? It is nothing more than the power of life and death. There is no greater power that one man can have over another. So, my quarrel with the negro leaders is that they have delegated that power exclusively to whites.

"Their dedication to love, God, and morality has given those who today destroy us a covering of immunity. For we have been neutralized, our hands bound, while others commit murders and atrocities upon us. The negro leaders have helped to make Black life the most inexpensive commodity in this country." I paused for the first time. Unconscious of time, it was as though I had said all of this and much more in the space of a few seconds. I wiped my face and flipped another page in my notebook.

"But my friends, white people have been deluded! They are still deluded. We Black people must not allow ourselves to be deluded also. Let us not be deluded about the American conscience. I spoke of this conscience as being like a faucet and we know that when a faucet is shut off you don't know whether there is any water there or not. It may be dry. And so when the negro leaders say that we will tap the American conscience, maybe there is nothing there to be tapped. Perhaps the truth is that the American people have run dry of decency, justice, and tolerance. And so from their hearts and minds, as barren as the driest deserts, we will get nothing; and until we realize that there is nothing there to get, we will remain deluded." I paused to flip another page.

"But white people too are deluded; and their delusion is by far the greater. You know they always call us boys and girls. No matter what our age, they regard us as children. And why is this? The reason is because we are children. Only children, boys and girls, allow

themselves to be slapped down again and again by the enraged parent; only children bend their knees and dream of a thunderbolt from the sky; only children give up the power of life -- the power not only to die for something but also to kill for it. Yes, to kill for it!

"Yes! For this is what it means to be a man in a world where there is no justice, where the law is prostituted: yes, to be a man and not a child is to hold the power of life and death. And we will remain children until we take this power and use it. Yes, I say use it! Let the necks of white people crack under the pressure of the hangman's rope; let their flesh feel the sting, the force of hot, burning balls of metal; let their blond-haired, blue-eyed boys feel the knife cutting into their insides, slicing away the instruments of manhood.

"Ah, some of my white friends are twitching in their seats! How shocked, how sickened, how very frightened you are. But you have listened to the negro leaders and so it has never occurred to you that I have always wanted to do to you what you have done to me. But haven't you given me that right, shown me that only through violence can we communicate, man to man?

"Yes, in a thousand ways you have. It is your blueprint which stands before me. Yours is the example of what it means to be a man! Has it never occurred to you, never entered your mind, that that one dream of my life -- salvation -- will come for me when I cease to be a child and become a man on your terms: a man willing not only to die for freedom, but to kill for it? No, this has never occurred to you and therefore this, this, is your delusion." I stepped away from the rostrum. The two men who had remained at my side throughout, stepped forward to shake my hand. "My brothers," I said, and woke up to the ringing of the alarm clock.

THE GHETTO AIN'T ALL

a slight misfortune

pull
ing
up
his
pants
Un
cle
Sam
said
gee
im
sorry
about
that
you
can
go
home
now

-- prentiss taylor

A freed panther leaned toward his friend saying:

Once you beat the cage,
You have to beat the grounds,
The cage my hurt,
But the grounds will kill you.

--- Cecil J. Bottenbley

WHOE

While we recline under my sheets,
You close to my side,
And placing that kiss to my lips,
While your breasts touch my chest,
My hand runs down your warm body,
To extremities,
You roll onto me kissing like never before,
And then pulling your head back,
With droplets of perspiration on your forehead and mine,
You say:
Oh! I love you!
You lie -- Blackwoman,
Blackwoman -- you lie,
You lie!
You lie!

--- Cecil J. Bottenbley

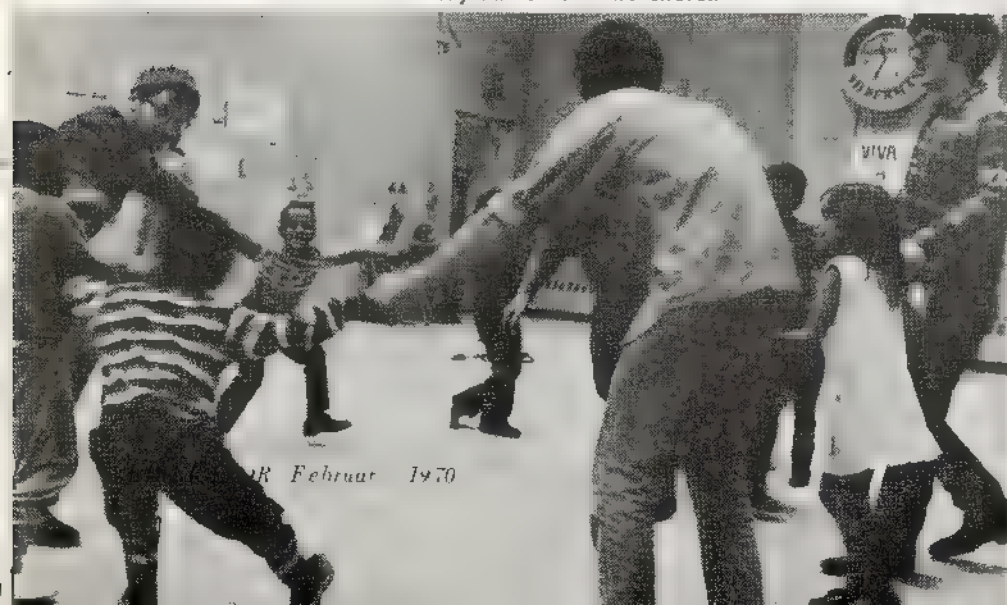


(l. to r.) Raphael Viera, Juan 'Fi' Ortiz, Minister of Finance, and Juan Gonzalez, Minister of Education

THE YOUNG LORDS

PHOTOS BY: RICH BALHGUR

Playtime inside the church



R Februar 1970

The New York Young Lords Organization was formed in the summer of 1969 by a group of militant Puerto Rican college students who were, according to their state chairman, Felipe Luciano, "trying to find ways to relate not only to the campus but to the streets as well." Almost immediately, the group launched its first formal campaign, against garbage. "In El Barrio," Luciano explains, "garbage pickups are haphazard, and when they take place, half of the garbage is thrown into the truck, the other half strewn in the streets. We felt that this would be the kind of thing that would attract

(cont. next pg.)

people's attention and begin to let them know that we were not raving maniacs, as many revolutionary organizations are labeled already."

But the Young Lords found that cleaning up the garbage themselves was not effective. After they'd pile it up and put it into cans, it would simply sit there, uncollected, and eventually find its way back onto the streets. The group then decided that the only way to get action was to throw the garbage into the streets, and block traffic. "We knew that this would have a dual effect: one, the garbage would get picked up; and two, white folks would get very mad at the fact that they couldn't get to Yonkers, New Rochelle, and Mount Vernon. Needless to say, the garbage was collected within two hours. And the people of the community saw that once they took to the streets, to demand the redress of their grievances, they would get an answer to their problems."

The Young Lords' second offensive catapulted them into the national spotlight. On December 28,

1969, they occupied the First Spanish Methodist Church in East Harlem. The church -- closed to the community six days a week, and with 85% of its congregation living outside the barrio -- had refused all requests to open its doors to the community or to sponsor any of the social programs needed by the people in the area (despite the fact that it has ample space and facilities for such

programs). During the occupation, which lasted until January 7, 1970, when the Young Lords were evicted by the N.Y.C. police, they conducted breakfast programs for children, health programs, and a number of classes.

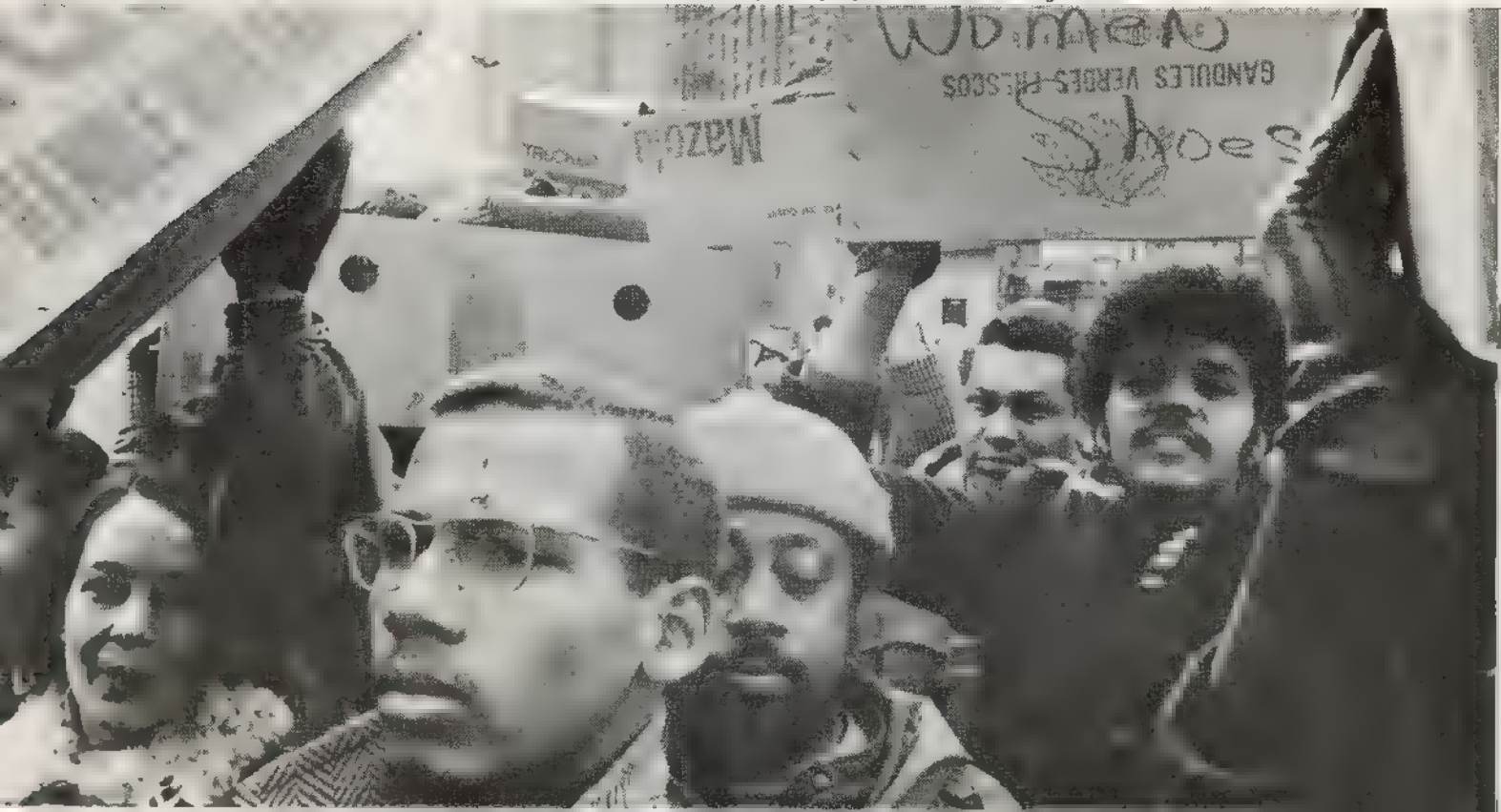
At present, 107 people -- Young Lords and community supporters -- are awaiting trial on charges stemming from the occupation.



The breakfast program.

POWER TO THE

Supporters from the community bring ng food and clothing





PEOPLE

The bust





Daniel H. Watts

The setting autumn sun cast a brilliant crimson glow that warmed the tenement rooftops of Harlem, and a body that was growing cold. Black Joe lay on his back clutching the wound that he knew would claim his life. In his short twenty years, he had had few things to be thankful for, but he now felt sincere gratitude toward the Gods who had granted him the warmth of the sun, who had warmed his ancestors in ancient Cush, and who were present on the not so ancient battlefields of America.

As he almost curiously felt his torn and scattered insides, his thoughts returned to Slick. That

jive motherfucker! He loved him! Together they had grown up in the ghetto -- East New York -- and blazed their trail along a perilous road lined and covered with cheap wine, dope, and self-destructing violence. They had successfully evaded the white devils' ever-present living death trap. They had made it through the turbulent sixties, a decade that had only proved to be the calm before the storm, a mild example of things to come. They had watched with ever-growing awareness the assassinations of Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, and a host of lesser known Black men. They had seen the

United States war machine exposed as the malignant cancer that it was. They had watched as the war spread until it involved Cambodia, Laos, and Thailand. The two of them as well as other Blacks were moved to violence after the kangaroo trial and public execution of thirty Black servicemen accused of plotting to kill high-ranking Pentagon officials.

Black Joe laughed bitterly. He recalled the bewildered faces of the surviving members of the Black bourgeoisie. They had frantically tried to reach the Black ghettos they had traditionally scorned from their ivory towers in the suburbs. In broken voices they had related

by Akbar Balagoon Ahmed

endless tales of terror and death. Stories of rape, child murder, and full-scale slaughter of anyone Black. The ruling class had unleashed its obedient servants, and they had fallen upon the tom Blacks, with all the savagery expected from descendants of serfs and peasants.

The cities of the nation had become armed camps. Blacks, pushed to their limits, finally realized in large numbers that they were fighting for the right to exist. The ghetto communities responded, armed with the sobering thought that if they did not, they would surely perish at the hands of the pigs. Scores of Black men, filled with a hate born of centuries of oppression, then stormed police stations and by force of numbers alone, conquered them. As each man armed himself, regardless of what he had been, the man in him that had been slain at birth was reborn. The pigs that had survived the onslaught crawled, begged, and pleaded for their lives. But as the pleas and cries of Black people for four centuries were not heard neither were theirs. They paid for their crimes against the Black communities in full.

Black Joe and Slick had been a part of all these things and together they had found their manhood. Side by side, they had fought the army, as members of one of the many crack guerrilla bands operating across the United States. And now death had come between them. Black Joe struggled hard not to think about the conceptions of heaven and hell that he had always dismissed with scorn. But deep down inside, he hoped for at least Valhalla.

The sound of feet thumping up the wooden stairs leading to the roof brought him back to what was supposed to be reality. His hand instinctively grabbed the carbine laying beside him, although he was too weak to use it.

A tall figure emerged from behind the rusted door leading to the roof. "Hey Black Joe! Hey! You Black motherfucker!" the voice boomed

"Over here, chump," Joe an-

swered weakly. He knew the voice belonged to Slick. Seeing Slick standing there with tears in his eyes immediately placed Joe in a state of ambivalence. "What the fuck you doing back here?" Joe snapped. "You know you got orders to go on with the rest! The squad voted to leave me here, and I agreed with the vote. There ain't shit nobody can do for me now."

"You soft-hearted pussy," Slick drawled, his voice thick with the accent of the hip city youth. "Man, you jive-ass grapehead mother! You still owe me some money. What the fuck made you think I came back for you? You jivin' the public, makin' like you hurt. I'm hip to your shit."

Black Joe looked at his life-long friend, then finally spoke. "Man, you gotta live," he said quietly. "A whole lot in me wants you to stay, 'cause man, I damn sure don't want to die alone. And if I'm still alive when them pigs get here, you know I don't want another clip blasted in my ass. But the point is the first one killed me, and I'm just waiting till it's made official. I'm glad you came back, and I was hoping, and I knew that you would. But that's the selfish part of me showin'."

Slick dropped to his knees beside his comrade and the two young men looked in each other's eyes, each expressing what words would

never be able to say.

"That's the way you want it?" Slick finally asked.

"No," replied Joe, "that's not the way I want it, but that's the way it is."

Slick rose and looked down at the streets he had known so well. From the roof he could see the garbage and burned-out storefronts along the avenue. He turned from the roof's edge, looked at Black Joe, and tried unsuccessfully to smile. "Well, you jive mother-fucker," he managed to say, "I'll see you when I see you."

"Not if I see you first, faggot," replied Joe in a fading voice.

Slick grabbed his rifle and headed towards the door. As he started down the steps he heard Joe mumbling.

"Thanks for coming back Slick... man, were we hanging out tonight, damn that broad is fine...say baby, what's your name?"

Slick started to go back, then forced himself to go on. As he entered the street, he removed the safety on his rifle and ran four blocks towards the abandoned subway station. He heard the sirens and the rumble of trucks and tanks that always preceded the pigs, as he approached the station. The pigs were on their search and destroy mission in the ghetto. As he headed down into the subway station, he paused to feel his ammunition belt; it was soaked with tears.

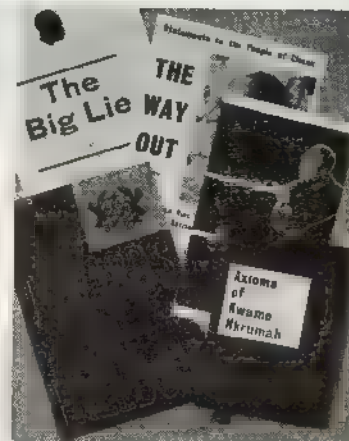
NKRUMAH SPEAKS

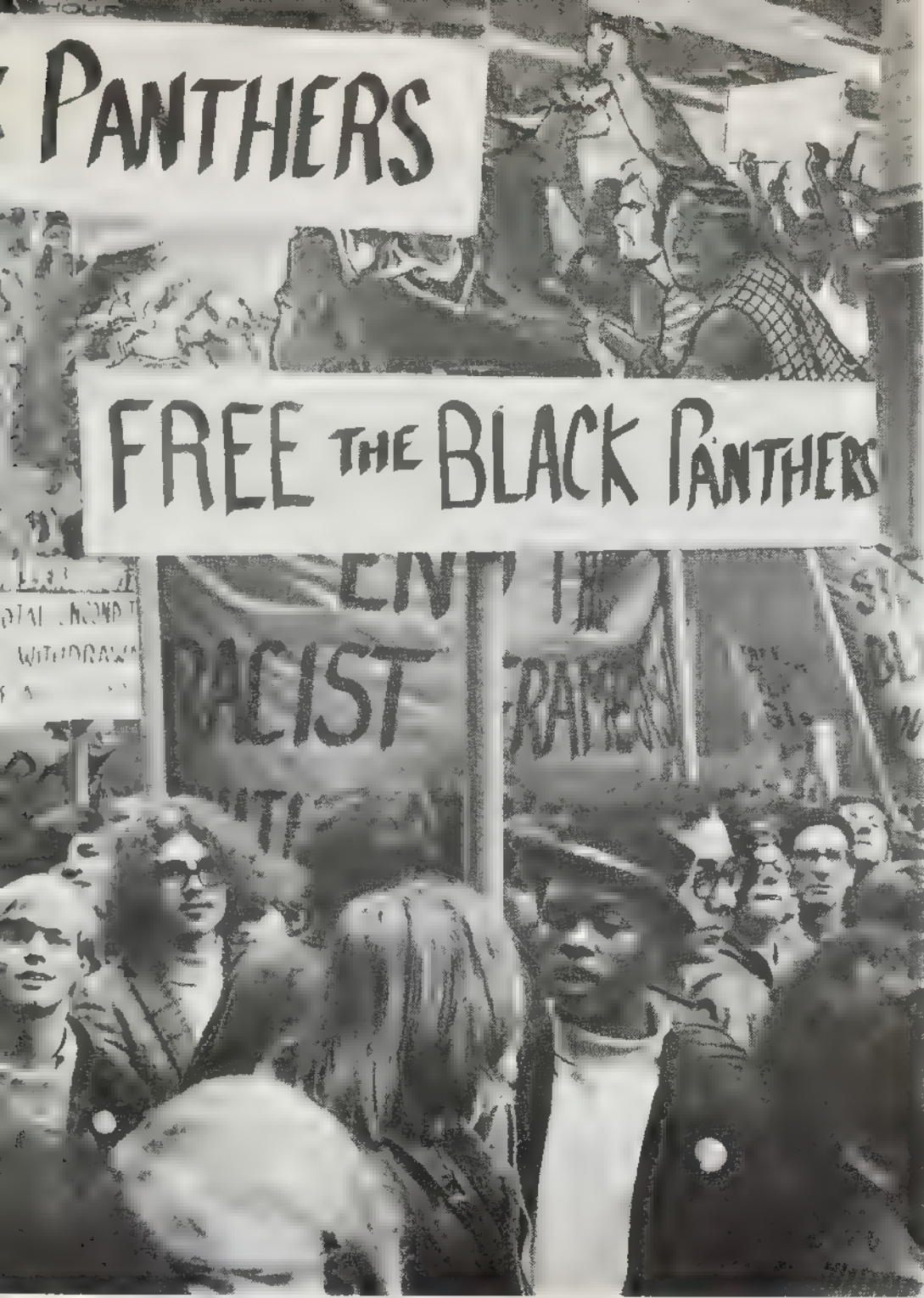
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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED





by Selwyn R. Cudjoe

Beyond the

*If we must die, Oh let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not
be shed
In vain, then even the monster we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us
though dead!*

-- Claude McKay

The unusual flurry of activity and concern that followed the slaying of the two Black Panther Party members in Chicago is destined, like so many snowflakes, to melt and dissipate before very long. But to presume that even this short-lived concern has any origin in the notion of the inalienable rights of the Black man is to immerse oneself in the worst kind of self-deception imaginable.

Wanton killing of Black men is not an unusual occurrence in America and countless other brothers, including Panthers, have been killed since the beginning of last year without a ripple of concern from either the body politic or the body social. On the weekend of October 12, 1969, Richard Elrod was injured in Chicago during a demonstration by the Weathermen faction of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). A great deal of attention was given this incident by the news media. Elrod is white. Yet, the same weekend, a Black youngster, Michael Soto, was killed by the law enforcement officers of Chicago for allegedly trying to rob a white man. His brother, who was serving in the U.S. Armed Forces, came home to attend his funeral, was shot and also killed by the Chicago police. Almost nothing was written about this in the daily papers.

Two years ago, another Black youngster, Ronnie McDowell, was shot in the back of the head by a transit cop in Chicago's west side. Verdict: "justifiable homicide."

This case is still being pursued by a top Chicago law firm, Pressman and Hartman.

The slaying of Fred Hampton is not an isolated incident. It is merely a portion of a gigantic pattern that does not portend well for the future of the country.

Bobby Seale was in Chicago for twelve hours prior to the Democratic Convention. For this he was sentenced to four years for contempt of court. Meanwhile, Dave Dellinger was in and out of Chicago for three months before the Chicago incident, and one of the other white defendants has even called Judge Hoffman a liar. Yet, Dellinger and Co. continue to enjoy the luxury of the nation's best hotels as they criss-cross the country, leaving their legal acrobats to fight the battle.

During the November demonstration against the war in Vietnam, millions of citizens protested the way in which the President was conducting the war. Many said as much. Yet only one man, David Hilliard, who happens to be a member of the Black Panther Party in California, was charged with threatening the President's life.

Perhaps all this is merely coincidental. But there is a pattern emerging which is extremely difficult to ignore: repression. The Attorney General proposes among other things that "preventative detention" is the way to handle crime. But we all know who are going to be preventatively detained.

Attempts are now being made to crack down on Black and white students alike by denying them federal scholarship funds. Further attempts to stifle dissent include criminal charges against students who disrupt universities. And, by and large, the students who have suffered most and have been prosecuted most have been Black students.

The pattern is emerging and as the pieces in this gigantic puzzle come together one sees a ghastly totalitarian state in the making. As the Black man is subdued and denied his basic rights via "justifiable homicide," weakened voting rights bills, inferior schools, and the steam-rolling into conformity, the possibility of a police state becomes more evident, and more sinister. America is simply proceeding in the wrong direction... towards fascism.

The committee set up by Arthur Goldberg and others to investigate the slaying of the two Panthers was not done because Messrs. Goldberg and others were so especially concerned about the rights of the Black man. They are astute enough to know that very soon the conservative elements of the country are going to get at the idealistic whites also.

Let the deaths of the Panthers be a sign...let it be a premonition...let it be a warning. The slaying of a Panther, a Muslim, or a member of the NAACP is a threat to all Black men. Frantz Fanon in *The Wretched of the Earth* warned, "Brother, sister, friend...henceforward, the interest of one will be the interest of all, for in the concrete fact everyone will be discovered by the troops, will be massacred -- or everyone will be saved."

When Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Black revolutionary general, was taken to France and treacherously deceived by the French he warned the French that "in killing me, you have cut down the trunk of a great tree, but its roots are deep and will sprout again."

The roots of Black liberation are sunk deeply into the consciousness of the Black man. The killing of twenty-eight or one hundred and twenty-eight will not, cannot stop the determination of the Black man to be free in this country.

Panthers

Recipe for a Riot

by Henry Gerard Chery

Most people think riots are hard to cook, but all you need are good ingredients, a suitable pot, and the right flame.

The Pot

There's little beauty in the ghetto. It's tucked within the inner city and hidden under thick pads of stained and polluted air. The animals, people, and buildings look as though their God had cursed them. There are songless sparrows, dirty dogs, callous cats, and repugnant rats. Like hollow cylinders, the people roll aimlessly down the streets. They don't have much purpose or meaning in life to steer them. Dope addicts haunt and roam the ghetto like lost apparitions. Youngsters in their prime already have wrinkled folds of overlapping skin.

There are rows of once proud and grand Victorian-inspired brownstones, their faces scarred by loose shingles or cracked stone, their insides butchered. They've become part of the ghetto now, and they have to blend.

The Ingredients:

One large cup of prejudice, three cups of animosity, and ten heaping tablespoons of poverty and oppression.

One box of salty politicians seeking re-election, sprinkled with lies and spicy campaign promises.

Ten slices of the look on a mother's face when she finds rats plowing their yellow fangs into her child's bone marrow.

Two gallons of inferior education, thirty-two quarts of indifferent teachers, and several disinterested-flavored princ pals.

Two loaves of landlord (very rare, and only available once a month when rents are paid).

Seventeen bowls of high prices for poor food and cardboard furniture.

Several thousand pounds of cold-cut cops who split skulls for sport.

(For extra spiciness, add liberal sprinklings of the following condiments: high infant mortality rates, drug addiction, spiraling crime rates, increasing numbers of ghetto suicides.)

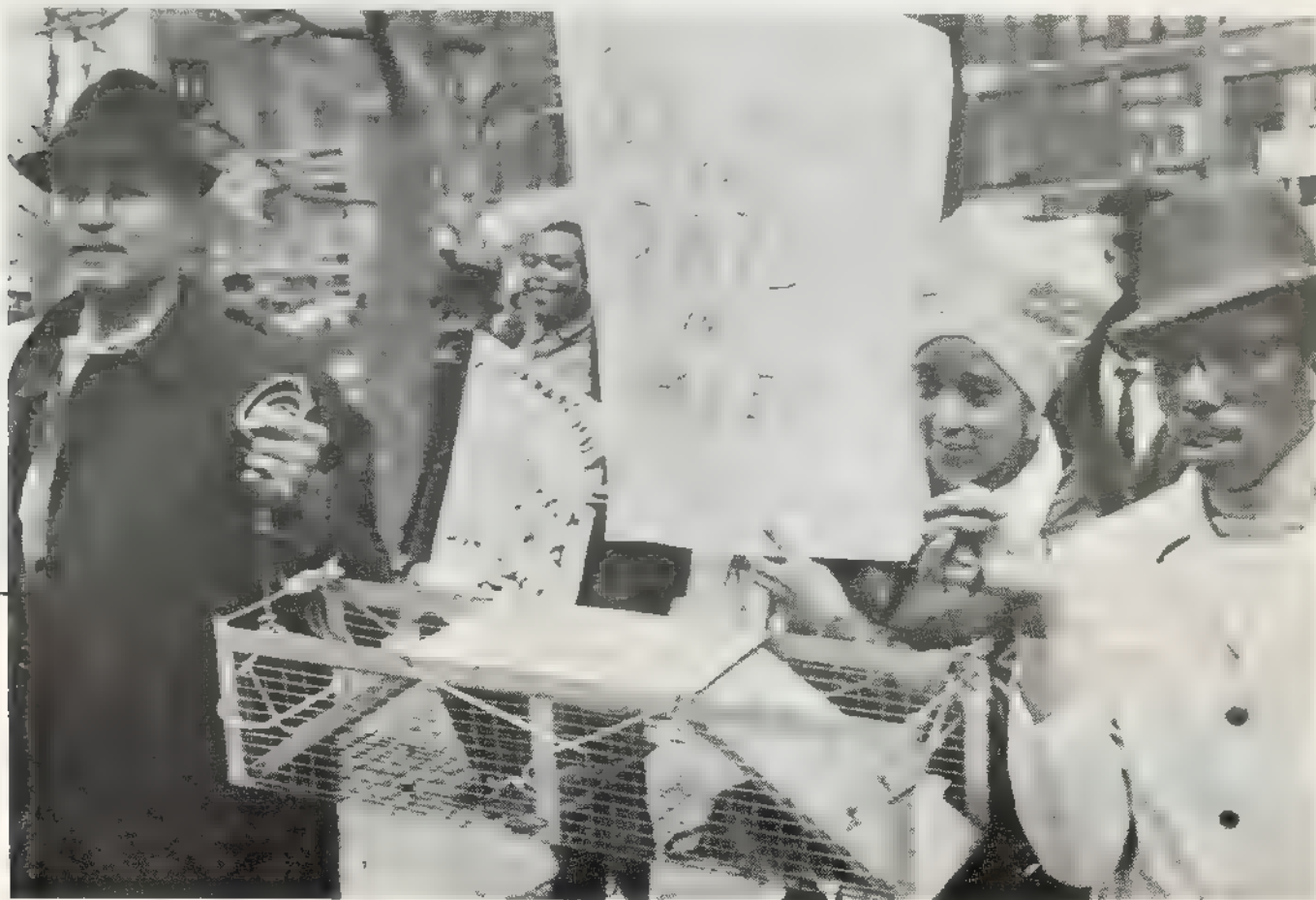
Cooking Instructions:

Mix all ingredients in urban pot.

Preheat in decades of misery.

Light flame with a hot incident (a cop shooting a ghetto youth in cold blood is extremely effective).

Now...enjoy your dinner...and don't overcook.



Our tenth year

LIBERATOR

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Dear Readers:

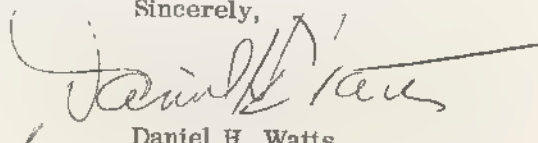
As you have probably noticed, LIBERATOR receives little in the way of advertising and must therefore depend upon subscriptions and newsstand sales for its basic revenue. For ten years, we managed, in spite of the unrelenting inflationary trend, to maintain our original subscription rates -- a herculean accomplishment when you consider that, since we began, postal costs have risen by about 33 1/3%, manufacturing costs by 42.3%, and labor costs by 43%!

Because of these steep increases in costs all across the board, and because we wanted to mechanize our mailing system so that our subscribers would receive their copies on time, we reluctantly decided to raise the rates of LIBERATOR from 35¢ to 40¢ per single copy; from \$3.00 to \$4.00 for a subscription for one year; from \$5.50 to \$7.50 for two years.

LIBERATOR, throughout its ten-year history, has served as a vehicle for Black thought and expression. We were first to publish such Black writers as LeRoi Jones, Nathan Hare, Eldridge Cleaver, Ed Bullins, Harold Cruse, Addison Gayle, Jr., Clayton Riley, Douglas Turner Ward, Toni Cade, and Malcolm X -- and we continue to give young, unpublished writers, artists and photographers a forum as well as those more well known.

LIBERATOR is the only independent, completely Black-owned magazine today which regularly offers strong political comment. Help us continue to print the inside truths on what is going on today in our Afro-American communities, the country, and the world, by giving us your financial support. If you buy your copies from a newsstand, buy them regularly. If you are a subscriber, renew your subscription on time.

Sincerely,



Daniel H. Watts
Editor-in-Chief

Book Review

Revolutionary Notes, by Julius Lester.
New York: Richard W. Baran Publishing, 203 pp. \$3.95.

Revolutionary writers aren't hard to find these days. Nearly everyone who has taken a journalism course or two and fancies himself a student activist or militant purports to be one. What is rare is the writer who understands the dynamics of the revolutionary process.

Julius Lester, like so many of his contemporaries -- Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown, etc. -- is a veteran of the civil rights movement, and like them, he eventually evolved from passive resistance and non-violence to the call for a revolutionary liberation movement. And again like them, he has put his thoughts on the revolutionary process down in a book.

All but four of the forty-eight short commentaries that make up *Revolutionary Notes* are taken from Lester's column, "The Other Side of the Tracks," published in the weekly newspaper, *The Guardian*, between August 1967 and February 1968. And by reading any one of them at random it becomes profoundly evident why conservatives are leaning on NYC radio station WBAI to drop his program.

When considered as a whole, the book shows Lester groping, reaching out to explain the many facets of what is passing for a revolutionary movement in this country. Thus, at times he will seem out of harmony with an earlier

point of view, but as he states in the introduction: "I am concerned that I always write with honesty rather than consistency. To change one's mind is a sign of weakness only to one who equates consistency with strength."

A prominent theme throughout the book is the building of a "New Man" who is never entirely explained but is listed at various points as being the revolutionary, the creator of the egalitarian society, the realization of brotherhood, and in general, all things good after this insidious society has punched out. The "New Man" believes in the innate goodness of all men, thereby paving the way for the long-sought-after coalition of the white proletariat, Blacks, and students. All I have to say to that theory is: *bullshit*. There is a tendency in *Revolutionary Notes* to stretch the definition of the revolutionary new man.

And the yearning to include the white proletariat -- a splendid idea -- does not deserve serious discussion. (One has only to look at Pittsburgh to rid himself of those illusions.) The white working class and the white poor have become the most staunchly racist segment of this society since they perceive Blacks as an economic threat and feel bound to hold steadfastly to the primitive American caste system.

Lester is an idealist and it is his idealism that has led him into the paradox of what should be and what is. He comes close to the philosophy of Martin Luther King by calling for a belief in the innate goodness of all men. (Hell, why don't we return Lyndon Johnson to office so he can redeem himself of the Vietnam debacle?)

But if Lester fails in deciphering ideology, he more than compensates in two somberly eloquent essays. In one, he takes us to Stockholm and the International War Crimes Tribunal where a collection of some of the world's best minds have gathered to condemn the United States for its role in the Vietnam War. He points out the fallacies in the Tribunal's conception -- how it held no real power or influence and moved away from acquiring any by addressing itself to the press, Europe, and the United States Government instead of to the elements inside the country who were trying to end the war. It was as if the elitists had gathered to serve their intellectual commitment, to wash their hands of the blood for the sake of an unburdened conscience.

The second essay, "Not in Memory of Robert Kennedy," has resonantly bitter truth about it. From the first paragraph it echoes like a scream from the bowels of the ghetto:

Maybe one day the nation will go into mourning when poverty penetrates the skull of a poor man and shatters his brain.
Maybe one day the flags will be lowered, the schools closed and a day of mourning proclaimed when the pain of every morning's sunrise makes the heartbeats of Black mothers stumble through the bare kitchens of their lives.

Writing with clarity and simplicity of style, Lester should be required reading for the New Left members who seek to understand their movement. He should also be read by anyone who wants to know what is going on.

-- Othello Mahome

...say what? the negroensemble-company has put us all in a deep trick? Aw, man...

Check it out. With *The Harangues*, the Company's newest production, the Blood of this or any other realm has been put on a shelf, *offed* verbally, *iced* by theatrical design. Man. I mean, what are these people putting down, where are they coming from?

First, playwright Joseph A. Walker does a Jacks-or-better, opens with a jive hand. Calls it what we said. NEC is game. Bets. Blows. And the Brother stands by, cool, looking for the production shake/wake him when it's over...why not? This is NEC's third season, time for dynamite.

Doesn't happen. In four short pieces -- two of them designed as references cloaked in symbol, and two framed as naturalistic dramas, Walker gives us every reason to believe he possesses an expansive imagination, an imagination substantial enough to take us into bizarre situations and places.

His ability to do so is, however, substantially diminished by the use of his craft as a crutch; what the author offers is a continuing failure to inform us, provide us with fact or suggestion beyond a very simplistic bit of story-telling. A playwright -- any artist -- operates out of what is considered a specialized, heightened consciousness. This consciousness presumably affords him the tools to instruct and illuminate: tell everybody else what's happening...how...why. Now, if you're going to jump up on a stage and shout something like, "dig here, Brothers, Sisters...this is my hole card," well, you've got to have your shit together. Unless you are satisfied with duplicating the same sort of incorrect, relentlessly "entertaining" theeeee-a-truh-cul ex-peeceee-reeee-unce that passes for art in New York. (And elsewhere, I guess.) Walker has written a work that indicates he has a craft, and a set of very strong opinions -- or what seem to be opinions -- about them and us Blacks and whites. But for all the raging, the loud talk, the strong rapping and breaking bad all the time, Walker has nothing to say. What he shows us is what we already

know. (Or what you'd better know if you've got your buns out here.)

First place, he deals with the past. With only partial adequacy. In *Tribal Harangue One* we are with Obataiye and Ayo, royal African couple, as they move to a position where they must kill their son rather than allow him to grow up without his freedom. The setting is a slave dungeon, off the coast of West Africa, in the 14th or 15th century.

The piece is, as I said, a symbolic gesture, structured to bring us a past filled with the strength exhibited and maintained by noble people. Rosalind Cash as Ayo does some interesting work. As her man, Obataiye, Damon W. Brazwell, Jr., is personally on the case. But the material is too general, too un-specific in terms of statement to support the readiness of the players. What is finally said is, "The world is not prepared for my son." The absence of affirmation is not the disturbing factor. What undermines the presentation is the play's inability to get outside itself, to reach above the almost self-consciously stylish image it projects.

Tribal Harangue Two takes on reality and loses the decision. The sense of revelation maintained here by the playwright is out of touch with everything we might associate with a writer peeling off the cover of America's contemporary hiding place. A young Brother, strutting his Blackness without actually digging it, decides to ice the father of his white fiance, and thus collect the nine oil wells the man, a Texas oil millionaire, will leave his daughter. Hell no, it doesn't work. The Brother is betrayed by...well now, who else but another Brother. The final line of the piece, spoken by the Texan is: "When will the colored folks learn that they just do not have the means?"

This is, from all evidence, the presiding commentary on Walker's testimony. He reveals here, and in other sections, a fury that is neither concealed nor controlled, a rage directed primarily toward whatever in America, or whatever in his world is Black. Self-hatred, some might call it. Black failure seems unusually regular in Walker's scheme of things, and in a way that is not a search for truth, an honest de-

piction of the way things are, but as a belief, a kind of profound faith. What renders *Two* a genuine disaster is the presence in it of NEC's best player, David Downing. He walks through a supporting role without half looking, without the force and vision he usually brings to his interpretations. He might have been asking himself: What is there to interpret here? The death of self-respect?

Tribal Harangue Three brings us Ayo and Obataiye, suffering through the future this time, and badly. He is a revolutionary, trapped, possibly on the eve of the end. She is his woman, with him no matter what. It should work, but you can forget it. A singing duet closes it out and you can only sit there and...what? Wait? Yeah.

The quartet ends with *Harangue*. That's all, just simply *Harangue*. Without a number. Into an East Village bar storms a minor league Big Brown (legendary Washington Square giant who is obviously the model for this sorry portrait) who waves a gun at a bartender, a young Black cat and his white girl friend, and her brother. A barrage of words follow, intended to impress us with the charismatic, arresting personality of Asura, the Brother who needs a gun to convince everybody he's got the right answers to everything.

...damn straight you right if you the only one with a piece...

Douglas Turner, NEC's artistic director, has chosen the play as a starring vehicle for himself. He performs with the same sort of indulgence it requires to select works on that basis, and whatever might have emerged in the central character, relative to a certain dynamism alluded to in the text, vanishes as he makes his first entrance. The play continues in the same vein... down...and out.

NEC is in the throes of an economic depression. While I can hardly say that they deserve your contributions on the basis of this sort of work, send some bucks to them on the faint hope that they may learn some day to dig us and themselves as much as they ought to.

Or maybe, about as much as some of us, way deep down, want to dig them.

Letters to the Editor

Black University

Dear Editor:

We, the students of Fisk University, have finally come to the realization that in order to bring about a major change in our university's philosophy, direction, and its structure, we must unite our own forces and pool our resources.

Our objective is to make Fisk a *Black University*. Education at Fisk University should be geared toward preparing its students for participation in the Black community. It should not only provide us with skills but with Black consciousness which will bring about commitment on the part of Fisk students to work with and for Black people.

With this in mind, we hereby state the basic concepts of the Black University:

(a) A Black University is an institution structured, controlled, and administered by Black people, devoting itself to the total cultural needs of the Black community. A Black University is where all departmental and administrative heads are Black. (Black people are people of African descent; they are people who work positively and without equivocation for Black liberation.)

During slavery, Black people were forbidden to hold meetings or engage in any functions, social, religious, or educational, which were not controlled or watched by white people, for the sole reason that progress for Black people meant loss of control over Black people by the white man. The white man has sought control of Black people since they were captives; the white man sought to obtain free labor for his plantations, and now he drafts Black men to fight in illegal wars. There are no Catholic leaders in Jewish organizations or institutions; Black people

do not lead Polish organizations or institutions. Therefore, there can be no white leaders in Black organizations or institutions.

(b) A Black University is an institution set up to deal with the skills necessary for Black existence. There is a need for knowledge of chemistry, physics, mathematics, biology, micro-biology, engineering, medicine, industry, social sciences, art, drama, etc. All skills acquired for Black existence can be used anyplace where *human beings* exist. *Blackness* means *humanism*.

(c) A Black University is an institution that addresses itself completely to Black liberation, identifying all Black people as Africans under the ideological concept of Pan-Africanism. The concept of Pan-Africanism is an ideological definition predicating Black unity. It says, in essence, that all people of African descent are one. They are one in their ancestry, and in their struggle against White-European aggression and repression. Pan-Africanism is an idea that emphasizes respect for human dignity and human personality. It rejects white racism and Black chauvinism.

(d) A Black University is an institutional structure that addresses itself completely to Black liberation. In a Black University there is no problem of accreditation. Such a university will be functional just as Brandeis University, Yeshiva University, London University, and the University of Paris are, all of which are run and controlled by white people. An accredited institution must have scholars recognized in all disciplines. Here at Fisk University, and around the nation, we have Black scholars who are recognized and accredited. Therefore, the question of accreditation is not an issue in a Black University.

In a Black University there will

be divisions equivalent to what are presently called departments at Fisk University. In these divisions there will be majors and graduate programs and professional programs.

A Black University is open to all people who subscribe positively to Black liberation as defined by Pan-Africanism.

The Black Students,
Nashville, Tenn.

Technology vs. Rhetoric

Dear Editor:

Because of the relationship between the European and Arab invaders with the Africans, and the complete absence of a Japanese invasion to destroy African culture and to seize African land, Afro-Americans en masse have had little interest in Japanese culture but are avid followers of the European and Arab cultures. If we were rational thinkers, however, we would expand our minds to include a thorough study of Japan.

Japan is the *only* nonwhite country which has succeeded in competition with the industrialized Western world, and thus in refuting the myth of white superiority. And this is because the Japanese used their intelligence. They were realistic; they did not say that Western technological and scientific knowledge was irrelevant. They knew that if the Asians did not emerge from their ancient feudal past, all of Asia would be conquered by the whites. In an amazingly short time, they mastered the necessary technology and science, until today they rank as the third greatest industrial power in the world.

Afro-Americans can learn more from the Japanese in the arts of farming, commerce, ship-building, the manufacture of steel, business management, working together for the benefit of the group, than they can from the Arabs.

DeCourcy Edwards
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our tenth year

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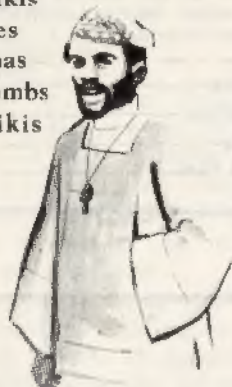
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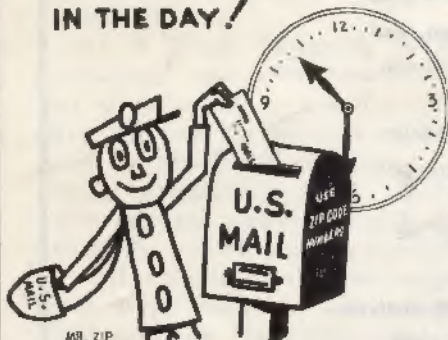
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